\$100,000.



Trees and the menace of night;
Then the tung, lonely, leaden mere
Backed by the desolate fell
As by a spectral battlament; and then,
Low brooding, interpreterving all,
A vast, gray, lettless, inexpressive sky
Where no live star can have so much as shos Since life and death were one.

Hist! In the trees full of night, Is it the hurry of the rain? Or the noise of a drive of the dead Streaming before the irresistible will, Through the strange dusk of this the debata Between their place and ours?

Like the forgerfulness Of the work a day world made visible, a mist falls from the melancholy sky. A messenger from some lost and loving soul. Hopeless, wide wandering, bewildered Here in the provinces of life, A great white moth fades miserably by.

Through the trees in the strange, dead night, Under the vast dead sky, Forgetting and forgot, a stream of ghosts Sets to the myssic mere, the phanton fell, And the dim, infinite ellences beyond. —W. E. Henley, in Scota Observer.

AT COULTER'S NOTCH.

"Do you think, colonel, that your brave Coulter would like to put one of his guns in here?" the general asked. "General," he replied warmly, "Coulter would like to put a gun anywhere

within reach of those people," with a motion of his hand in the direction of "It is the only place," said the gen-

eral. He was serious then. The "place" was a depression, a notch, in the sharp crest of a hill. It was a pass, and through it ran a turnpike, which, reaching this highest point in its course by a sinuous ascent through the thin forest, ran straight away toward the enemy. For a mile to the left and a mile to the right the ridge, though occupied by a line of infantry lying close behind the sharp crest and appearing as if held in place by atmospheric pressure, was inaccessible to artillery. There was no place but the bottom of the notch, and that was barely wide enough for the roadbod. From the Confederate side this point was commanded by an entire battery posted on a slightly lower elevation beyond a creek and a mile away. All the guns but one were masked by the trees of an orchard; that one-it seemed a bit of impadence-was directly in front of a rather grandiose building, the planter's dwelling. The gun was safe enough in its exposure; the rifles of that day would not carry a mile without such an elevation as made the fire, in a military sense, harmless; it might kill here and there, but could not dislodge. Coulter's notch —it came to be called so—was not, that pleasant summer afternoon, a place where one would "like to put a gun."

"It is the only place," the general repeated thoughtfully, "to get at them." The colonel looked at him gravely. "There is room for but one gun, general -one against six."

"That is true-for only one at a time." said the commander, with something like, yet not altogether like, a smile. But then, your brave Coulter-a whole battery in himself."

The tone of irony was now unmistakable. It angered the colonel, but he did not know what to say. The spirit of military subordination is not favorable to retort, nor even deprecation. At this moment a young officer of artillery came riding slowly up the road, attended by his bugler. It was Captain Coulter. He could not have been more than 23 years of age. He was of medium height, but very slender and lithe, sitting on his horse with something of the air of a civilian. In face he was of type singularly unlike the men about him; thin, highnosed, grav-eved, with a slight blonde mustache, and long, rather straggling, hair of the same color.

Moved by a sudden impulse the colonel signed to him to halt.

Cant. Coulter." he said. "the enemy has a battery of six pieces over there on the next ridge. If I rightly understand the general, he directs that you bring up a gun and engage them."

There was a blank silence; the general looked stolidly at a distant regiment swarming slowly up the hill through rough undergrowth, like a torn and draggled cloud of blue smoke; the captain appeared not to have heard him, Presently he spoke, slowly, and with apparent effort:

On the next ridge, did you say, sir? Are the guns next the house?

"Ah, you have been over this road be-

fore. Directly at the house." "And it is -necessary - to engage them? The order is imperative?" His voice was busky and broken. He

was visibly paler. The colonel was astonished and mortified. He stole a glance at the commander. In that immobile face was no sign; it was as hard as bronze. A moment later he rode silently away, followed by his staff and escort. The colonel, humiliated and indignant, was about to order Capt. Coulter in arrest when the latter spoke a few words in a low tone to his bugler, saluted and rode straight forward into the notch, where, shortly, at the summit of the road, his field glass at his eyes, he showed against the sky, he and his horse, sharply defined and motionless as an equestrian statue. The bugler dashed down the road in the opposite direction at headlong speed and disappeared around the corner. Presently his bugle was heard singing in the cedars, and in an incredibly short time a single gun, with its calsson, each drawn by six horses and manned by its full complement of gunners, came bounding and banging up the grade in a storm of dust, unlimbered under cover, and was run forward by hand to the fatal crest among the dead horses. A gesture of the captain's arm, some strangely agile movedents of the men in loading, and, shnost before the troops along the way had ceased to hear the rattle of the wheels, a great white cloud sprang forward down the declivity, and, with a sharp shock which turned up the white of the forest leaves like a storm, the uffair at Coulter's notch had begun. seemed to rise from the earth in the dead

It is not intended to relate in detail the progress and incidents of that ghastly contest-p correct without vicissitudes.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Casteria, When she became Miss, she clung to Custoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

its alternations only different degrees of despair. Almost at the instant when Capt. Coulter's gun blew its challenging cloud, six answering clouds rolled up-ward from among the trees about the plantation house, a deep multiple report roared back like a broken scho, and thenceforth to the end the Federal cannoniers fought their hopeless battle in an atmosphere of living iron, whose thoughts were lightnings and whose

Unwilling to see the efforts which he could not aid and the slaughter which he could not stay, the colonel had as-cended the ridge a quarter of a mile to the left, whence the notch, itself invisible, but pushing up successive masses of amoke, seemed the crater of a volcano in thundering eruption. With his glass he watched the enemy's guns, noting as he could the effects of Coulter's fire-if Coulter still lived to direct it. He saw the Federal gunners ignoring the enemy's pieces, whose position could be determined by their smoke only, gave their whole attention to the one which maintained its place in the open-the lawn in front of the house, with which it was accurately in line. Over and about that hardy piece the shells exploded at intervals of a few seconds. Some exploded in the house, as could be seen by thin ascensions of smoke from the breached roof. Figures of prostrate men and horses were plainly visible.

"If our fellows are doing such good work with a single gun," said the colonel to an side who happened to be nearest, "they must be suffering like the devil from six. Go down and present the commander of that piece with my congratulations on the accuracy of his

Turning to his adjutant he said: "Did you observe Coulter's damned reluctance to obey orders?"

"Yes, sir, I did." "Well, say nothing about it, please. I don't think the general will care to make any accusations. He will probably have enough to do in explaining his own connection with this uncommon way of amosing the rear guard of a retreating

"Colonel," said the adjutant, "I don't know that I ought to say anything, but there is something wrong in all this. Do you happen to know that Capt. Coulter is from the south?"

"No: was he, indeed?" "I heard that last summer the division which the general then commanded was in the vicinity of Coulter's homecamped there for weeks and"-

"Listen!" said the colonel, interrupting with an upward gesture. "Do you

"That" was the silence of the Federal The staff, the orderlies, the lines of infantry behind the crest, all had "heard," and were looking curiously in the direction of the crater, whence no smoke now ascended except desultory cloudlets from the enemy's shells. Then came the blare of a bugle, a faint rattle of wheels; a minute later the sharp reports recommenced with double activity. The demolished gun had been replaced with a sound one.

"Yes," said the adjutant, resuming his narrative, "the general made the acquaintance of Coulter's family. There was trouble-I don't know the exact nature of it-something about Coulter's wife. She is a red-hot secessionist, as they all are, except Coulter himself, but she is a good wife and a high-bred lady. There was a complaint to army headquarters. The general was transferred to his division. It is odd that Coulter's battery should afterward have been assigned to it."

The colonel had risen from the rock upon which they had been sitting. His eyes were blazing with a generous indigeyes were blazing with a generous indigformed the cellar's floor—a fresh excavahardened. When this has been done

"See here, Morrison," said he, looking the gossiping officer straight in the face, "did you get the story from a gentleman

"I don't want to say how I got it, colonel unless it is necessary"-he was blushing a trifle-"but I'll stake my life upon its truth, in the main."

The colonel turned toward a small knot of officers some distance away. "Lieutenant Williams!" he shouted. One of the officers detached himself from the group, and, coming forward, saluted, saying: "Pardon me, colonel, I

thought you had been informed. Williams is dead down there by the gun. What can I do, sir?' Lieut. Williams was the aide who had had the pleasure of conveying to the of-

ficer in charge of the gun his brigade commander's congratulations. "Go," said the colonel, "and direct the withdrawal of that gun instantly. Hold! I'll go myself."

He strode down the declivity toward the rear of the notch at a break-neck pace, over rocks and through brambles, followed by his little retinue in tumultuous disorder. At the foot of the declivity they mounted their waiting animals and took to the road at a lively trot round a bend and into the notch. The spectacle which they encountered

there was appalling. Within that defile, barely broad enough for a single gun, were piled the wrecks of no fewer than four-they had noticed the silencing of only the last one dis-abled. The debris lay on both sides of the road; the men had managed to keep an open way between, through which the fifth piece was now firing. The men? They looked like demons of the pit! All were hatless, all stripped to the waist, their reeking skins black with blotches and spattered with gouts of blood. They worked like madmen, with rammer and cartridge, lever and lanyard. They set their swollen shoulders and bleeding bands against the wheels at each recoil and heaved the heavy gun back to its place. There were no com mands. In that awful environment of whooping shot, exploding shells and shricking fragments of iron and fiving splinters of wood none could have been beard. Officers, if officers there were, were indistinguishable; all worked to gether-each while he lasted-governed by the eye. When the gun was sponged it was loaded; when loaded, aimed and fired. There was no clashing: the duty of the instant was obvious. fell, another, looking a trifle cleaner,

men's tracks, to fall in his turn. With the rained guns lay the ruined men-alongside the wreckage, under it and stop of it; and back down the road -a ghastly procession-crept on hands and knees such of the wounded as were able to move. The colonel-he had comassionately sent his cavalcade to the right about-had to ride over those who were entirely dead, in order not to crush those who were partly alive. Into that hell he tranquilly held his way, rode up alongside the gun, and in the obscurity

of the last discharge tapped upon the check the man holding the rammer, who straightway fell, thinking himself killed.

A fiend, seven times damned, sprang out of the smoke to take his place, but paused and gazed up at the mounted of-ficer with an unearthly regard, his teeth flashing between his black lips, his eyes fierce and expanded, burning like coals beneath his bloody brow. The colonel made an authoritative gesture and pointed to the rear. The fiend bowed in token of obedience. It was Capt. Coulter.

Simultaneously with the colonel's arresting sign, silence fell upon the whole field of action. The procession of missiles no longer streamed into that defile of death; the enemy also had ceased firing. His army had been gone for hours, and the commander of his rear guard, who had held his position perilously long in hope to silence the Federal fire, at that strange moment had silenced his own. "I was not aware of the breadth of my authority," thought the colonel, facetiously, riding forward to the crest to see what had really happened.

An hour later his brigade was in bivouac on the enemy's ground and its idlers were examining, with something of awe, as the faithful inspect a saint's relics, a score of straggling dead horses and three disabled guns, all spiked. The fallen men had been carried away, their crushed and broken bodies would have given too

Naturally the colonel established himself and his military family in the plantation house. It was somewhat shattered, but it was better than the open air. The furniture was greatly deranged and broken. The walls and ceilings were knocked away here and there, and there was a lingering odor of powder smoke everywhere. The beds, the closets of women's clothing, and the cupboards were not greatly damaged. The new tenants for a night made themselves comfortable, and the practical effacement of Coulter's battery supplied them with an interesting topic.

During supper that evening an orderly of the escort showed himself into the dining room and asked permission to speak to the colonel.

'What is it, Barbour?" said that officer pleasantly, having overheard the re-

"Colonel, there is something wrong in the cellar; I don't know what-somebody there. I was down there rumaging "I will go down and see," said a staff

officer, rising. "So will I," the colonel said; "let the

others remain. Lead on, orderly." They took a candle from the table and descended the cellar stairs, the orderly in visible trepidiation. The candle made but a feeble light, but presently, as they advanced, its narrow circle of illumination revealed a human figure seated on the ground against the black stone wall which they were skirting, its knees ele-The face, which would have been seen in profile, was invisible, for the man was bent so far forward that his long hair concealed it; and, strange to relate, the beard, of a much darker hue, fell in a great tangled mass and lay along the ground at his feet. They involuntary paused; then the colonel, taking the candle from the orderly's shaking hand, approached the man and attentively considered him. The long dark beard was the hair of a womandead. The dead woman clasped in her arms a dead babe. Both were clasped in the arms of the man, pressed against his breast, against his lips. There was blood in the hair of the woman; there was blood in the hair of the man. A yard away lay an infant's foot. It was near an irregular depression in the beaten earth which they are "cured"—that is, half baked or jagged edges, visible in one of the sides.

at all angles downward. "This casemate is not bomb proof," said the colonel, gravely. It did not occur to him that his summing up of the

The colonel held the light as high as he

could. The floor of the room above was

broken through, the splinters pointing

case had any levity in it. They stood about the group awhile in silence; the staff officer was thinking of his unfinished supper, the orderly of what might possibly be in one of the casks on the other side of the cellar. Suddenly the man whom they had thought dead raised his head and gazed tranquilly into their faces.

The stuff officer drew back a pace, the orderly two paces.

"What are you doing here, my man? said the colonel, unmoved. "This house belongs to me, sir," was the reply, civilly delivered.

"To you? Who then are-were these?" "My wife and child. Colonel, I am Captain Coulter."-Ambrose Bierce in San Francisco Examiner.

Wouldn't Need Protection. Not long ago Fish Commissioner Bartlett, of Quincy, was back in the Illinois river country with a fishing party of whom ex-Congressman Anderson was one. The ex-congressman is an amateur with the rod and line, but attributed his poor catches to various things, and on this occasion blamed the fish commissioner for not keeping the waters stocked. / 'You don't protect the fish," he said.

"Your office is a sinecure." 'It would be if everybody fished like you," said the commissioner. "They wouldn't need any protection then."-

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EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

ansomnia is not pain; that is, physical pain. It is something in the nature of a blank, a dead, level, sandy desert on which there rests a duil glare. One thinks incessantly and incoherently. An impression inserts itself in the vagrant thoughts to the effect: "If I don't sleep the state of t soon it will be idiocy, heart disease or death." Under the influence of this im- B.T. BEAN, President. E. R. POWELT V. Pres pression, the insomnia, which, at the butset, was the symptom of some local

disorder, becomes itself a disease.

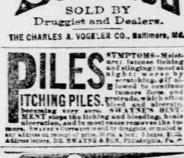
Come lies with open eyes staring into the darkness. The dire possibilities of FOURTH National Bank disorder, becomes itself a disease. the future, the interruption to business, the ardent, intense desire to sleep, all flit through the night, like dim and menacing phantasms. The days are oppressive. The body is weak, the brain PAID UP CAPITAL, - \$200,000 confused, the blood sluggish. An over- SURPLUS, - - - \$15,000 powering tendency to sleep possesses the tired frame. He throws himself down on a bed with the impression that he into a doze and in an instant inter wakes D. Barnes, L. R. Cole, Ames L. Bouck, F. W. waller with a start, and then is as gride a warbs B. G. Graves. with a start, and then is as wide awake as ever: if a wicked man he flings off the covering with bitter malediction, and with tired frame and dulled soul resumes his daily task.—Chicago Herald. First Arkansas Valley Bank,

An Unhappy Position.

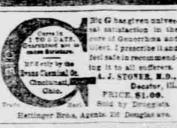
The man who seeks a wife for the pur pose of securing the means of living with out working does not merit the respect of the meanest person that walks about the earth. His intentions are so manifest that they deceive no one. He plans The Oldest Bank in the Arkansas his attack with the ingenuity of a general. His is an aggressive courtship, and a hypocritical one as well. He cannot afford ocritical one as well. He cannot afford to let the flame flicker for a moment. He ty to Depositors of \$540,829.99. must act the role of deception continually. If there should ever come the moment when a feeling of self independence and self respect enters the young woman's mind, his hopes in that instant may vated, its head bowed sharply forward. be shattered beyond redemption. There is the necessity of ever present caution and a constant recourse to hypocrisy .-

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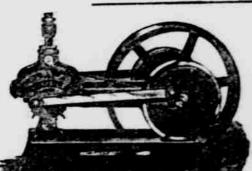
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